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TOM HOOD ON DUELLING.

Hood, the great humorist, thus describes an "affair of honor,"—the parties (Messrs. Bradley and Clay) being rivals for the affections of some fair lady:—

But first they found a friend apiece,
This pleasant thought to give—
That when they both were dead, they'd have
Two seconds yet to live.

To measure out the ground, not long,
The seconds next forbore,
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan
Against the deadly strife;
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foe;
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble, so they found
That both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
"Here one of us must fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
Be doomed to have a fall."

"I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same?"

Said Mr. B. "I do agree!—
But think of Honor's courts,—
If we be off, without a shot,
There will be strange reports."

"But look! the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun,
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had called out the sun?"

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
That upshot to the end.

BECELLUS; THE GLADIATOR.

A ROMANCE OF OLD ROME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY J. HAYDOCK,

Author of "The Latines," "A Lawyer's Client," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

Hestia and Bececellus Lovers—His Jealousy of Domitian—His Long and Painful Struggle with the Boar—Bececellus Conquers, is Rewarded, and Borne Home—The Draught—Demanded as a Guardian by Domitian—Refuses the Offer, and demands to see Hestia.

Domitian could not think what made Hestia spring up as she did, nor did he puzzle himself a great while about it; he had other things to think of now that completely swamped, for the moment, all thoughts of the pretty maiden by his side. He had said that Bececellus entered the arena. As he did so, the mob arose as one man, and gave vent to a shout that seemed to make the very air quiver and vibrate. Bececellus bent his head to this wild surge of popular opinion, and approached the box of Domitian. He was completely naked, save a cincture around the waist, and as he moved his arms, the play of his muscles was distinctly visible.

It may be necessary here to state, that he was the accepted lover of Hestia, and one who, until such time as he could retire from his hazardous profession to call her his wife. Gladiators were well paid in those murky old days; and a season or two was sufficient to fill the purse of a gladiator, if he did not gamble, for life. Seeing Hestia seated by the side of the prodigal king, the thought instantly flashed across his mind that she had been unfaithful to him. He knew, as well as any eye, the temptations that beset a young and pretty girl following the calling that Hestia did.

He did not pause to think that many have withstood the allurements that he thought of the allurements that riches offer. He did not think that he might scorn all these, and be faithful still. No, no! Jealousy was the first ingredient in his semi-barbaric nature; and so it clutched him as its prey. Thus thinking, he frowned and turned away as soon as Rabiere had accepted his obeisance, to pass around the arena. He cared not now for the plaudits of the mob; perhaps he felt contempt for the calling that Hestia did.

"She loves me no more," said he gloomily. "The king hath dazzled her."

Groans and hisses from the audience.

He started from his stupor of a moment, as these sounds reached his ear, and raising his blade above his head, he waved it twice or thrice, thus acknowledging the presence of the people, and satisfying them at the same time.

He glanced from beneath his brows towards the place where Hestia sat, and saw that she followed him with her eyes. As he took his place in the centre of the arena, she waved her hand toward him; but Bececellus frowned still more darkly than before.

Again she did so; and now, for very shame, Bececellus had to acknowledge it.

"She has come here to see me die," muttered he; "but may I become the food of Cerberus if she be not mistaken."

There are now, as well as then, persons so happily constituted as to have the faculty of making themselves the unhappiest wretches on earth. A smile will warm, and a frown freeze them, in a moment's thought. There is no manner of doubt that Bececellus loved Hestia warmly; but being selfish, another name for jealousy, he suffered all the pangs that that disease is capable of administering. Thus stood he, awaiting such time as the boar should be freed from his cage.

"I don't know Bececellus, my queen," said Domitian to Hestia. "I do that is, my lord—that—that—that—" stammered Hestia, "I have seen him in another place."

"Thy blushes trumpet out as much," said Domitian. "I see the signal fluttering at thy cheek. Is he," sacred Domitian, "thy lover?"

"Some call him so," said Hestia, whose cheeks were burning, both at the novel situation she was placed in, and the appearance of Bececellus.

"Do they?" said Rabiere. "Do some call him thy lover? What dost say thyself?"

"Ay! what?" said Domitian, lifting her chin with his hand, and looking keenly at her.

"Nothing, my lord," said Hestia.

"There is need to say some thing," said Rabiere.

"Poor thing! she is half dead now at the sight of his danger."

A wild scream from Hestia, and she hid her face with her hands. The occupants of the box turned their faces towards the arena, and saw that the boar had been set at large, and was now standing at a little distance from his cage, eyeing Bececellus savagely. He was a fierce enough looking beast, with formidable tusks, coarse, bristly hair, and small, glittering eyes, that seemed to glow up from their sockets with a dull, red glare, like a burning coal.

The wild boar, in his natural state, is as different an animal from the tame hog as can be conceived. He is much more savage and calculating, and is difficult to kill. He has a habit of rushing along at a rapid rate, and then stopping suddenly short; very much to the discomfort of his pursuer. He will tire out the strongest horse, both of wind and limb, and escape unscathed at last. His powers of endurance are wonderful, to a degree; and when full grown, is a match for almost anything.

It will thus be seen that Bececellus had no puny antagonist to overcome; and perhaps he was as well aware of it as any one.

The boar, as he stood snuffing the hot air of the afternoon, seemed somewhat astonished at his novel position, and made no attack, as yet. Awaiting him, Bececellus stood with his blade as guard, and the audience seemed to hold its breath. The air was sultry and oppressive; and the boar appeared much annoyed by it. The stillness that reigned around the place—the calmness of almost every-

thing, seemed to have a weird influence that acted like a pall upon the populace. They became nervous, and moved restlessly in their seats.

Thus for a moment; then the boar gave a savage grunt, looked on each side of him, and trotted away from Bececellus to his cage, amidst the hoarse and angry screams from the mob at the seeming cowardice of the boar.

This movement of the boar, however, was only a piece of hogish strategy; for before he had time to think, he wheeled and charged directly at Bececellus.

This movement did not take the gladiator unawares; he had prepared for all such attempts at strategy.

The boar darted at Bececellus, and the audience half rose from their seats. In an instant, the boar, with a savage scream, had sprung at the breast of his antagonist.

The gladiator turned lightly on his heel, and the boar, missing his aim, rolled on the sand. He was up again quicker than a flash, and darted at Bececellus as before, who met him with a determined lunge, and endeavored to strike him mortally; but, as yet, he was too agile, and too cunning for such a sudden end of the contest, and his life.

So they continued for about twenty minutes by the dial, and then both the combatants stopped for breath. The boar tarried but a short time, and then renewed the combat. He stopped again for a short time, and then rushed at Bececellus again. This time the boar lost one of his tusks—that on the left side of his head; the blade of Bececellus having taken it clean off. A wild burst of applause from the audience rewarded this feat.

The foam, now mingled with blood, came dropping from the boar's mouth, while his eyes had become bloodshot in the extreme. The combatants now stood in a cloud of dust, the ground being so much raised by the hoofs of the boar, and the wheels of the gladiator, that they were almost hidden from the sight of the populace. Bececellus, finding this inconvenient to himself, fought his way with the boar to another part of the arena, where the earth was somewhat harder; it not having yet been fought on, comparatively speaking, for the day.

It was a dreadful sight, this contest between man and beast; and to the weak heart, disgusting in the extreme. Bececellus, too, as yet, injured the animal to any great extent, while he himself was fast becoming faint. This was seen by the audience, who, with many manifestations of delight, such as clapping of hands, and cheers, seemed to gloat over the encounter. Bets were offered at odds on the boar, while those who had been sanguine of the man's success hedged rapidly.

"How much hast thou lost, Rabiere?" said Domitian with a smile.

"How much hast thou lost on thy man?"

"Nothing, as yet; nor will I," replied Rabiere.

"But thou wilt," said Domitian.

"Ay! if the fates will so," said Rabiere.

Applause from the populace.

"What is it?" said Domitian.

"The boar got it," said Nerbanus.

"Oh, my Lord!" said Hestia, clasping her hands, "save him! He has not harmed thee, nor time."

"The boar has not," said Domitian, "surely I know that."

"Ha, ha!" roared Rabiere. "How droll thou art, my king. Monks was a cynic compared to him. He has it!"

"Oh, no, no!" said Hestia, "I cannot look longer on him." Here she burst into tears, and covered her face.

"Don't suppose, my queen, that I am tamper with the will of the mob to call the boar away, and endanger myself; not I. Thou art mad to talk so," said Domitian, turning towards the combatants.

"It may be asked where Otto was all this time. He had left his son at the entrance to the arena, and taken up his position on the top of the cage that had held the boar. From this place he had watched the actions of his son through all the changes of the fight.

"May the gods watch over thee, my boy!" murmured he, "for thou art a gallant one. He!" said he, while his face lighted up, "a timely stroke."

"Habet! he has it!" yelled the mob. "He has it! He has it!" This was in relation to a blow that Bececellus had got in upon the boar's neck. He was now sitting on his haunches gnashing his teeth like a fiend incarnate, and kept turning, as Bececellus ran around him. The boar had succeeded in twisting himself up into a knot, and Bececellus grew prey well tired out, when, by a lucky stroke of his sword, he took him in the spine. The blow was so severe that it cut through the bone, and the blade remained fixed in that place. Bececellus, in attempting to draw it back, let it slip through his hand, and he was defenceless.

This all passed quicker than it takes to write. Before Bececellus could get out of reach of the boar, the dying animal made a single fatal, spasmodic bound, and threw him to the ground. Then, animated by rage, his natural ferocity, and by the mortal pang of his wounds, he grovelled and tore at the flesh of Bececellus.

Out on that sunny air, and far above the roaring and the surging voices of the mob, there rose a scream—a girlish voice, of such an agonising import as to make the hearers shudder. Some one was then cried from the king's box to Domitian's litter, which immediately started at a rapid rate for the palace of the king.

As soon as the commotion consequent on this event had ceased, the populace turned their glances again to the arena. Bececellus lay beside the boar (which was dead) bleeding profusely.

The officer of the day announced, as soon as silence was procured, that, as Bececellus had conquered, he was now awarded the belt, and desired him to come and receive it.

Otto, who was now sitting on the ground, around the limbs of Bececellus, now looked up and said that his son was too weak.

"Come, thou then," was the reply. "It is just as well that the father should give it to the son."

"Add this to it," said Domitian, flinging a purse of gold to where the officer sat.

"I will settle with Bececellus as soon as all my bets are received," said Rabiere, smiling.

"How much do I owe thee?" said Domitian rising to go.

"Thy good will, my king," answered the wily Rabiere.

"Thou hast it, Rabiere," said Domitian, leaving the box with his attendants, while Rabiere soon followed his example.

Otto took the belt, which was beautifully embossed with gold, and, hastening to his son, bound it round his waist, unperceived by Bececellus, for he had fainted.

The officer that had spoken before, now said that the sports were over for the day, but that another gladiatorial show would take place soon. At this the people manifested their delight by much applause, and then left the Amphitheatre by the ample vomitories.

In the meantime Bececellus had been removed from the arena to his father's house on an impromptu litter. When he was laid upon a couch his wounds were found to be not very dangerous; none of his muscles had been seriously injured by the remaining tusk of the boar. As the evening drew on apace, numerous members of the fraternity to which he belonged crowded around his bed side, with congratulations and sympathies.

The one called Simon was standing by his bed, while his mother, Satrantha, was busy in concocting some magic drink for invigorating the body after much loss of blood; one that had been taught her by a witch of Thessaly.

"How did I bear myself?" asked Bececellus. "Simon, thou knowest."

"It was grandly done," said Simon. "Per Bacchus! none could do it better. I would I had thy belt."

Bececellus smiled at this; it was balm and honey to his vanity. But his features suddenly darkened as he thought of Hestia. He was too proud to say anything about it to the occupants of the room, and so kept it all to himself for a time.

"My son," said Satrantha, "didst thou see how our Hestia was honored?"

"How could he?" said Simon; "did not the boar keep him busy?"

"I saw her," said Bececellus with a twinge, perhaps of pain. "Yes! saw the king smile upon her."

"She will be too proud to consort with thee now, my boy," said Satrantha. "See if what I say do not come most true. Thy potion is now ready for thee—hold up thy head, that thou mayest drink."

"I would it were poison, that it might be my last draught!" said Bececellus, drinking from the cup.

"Tush!" said Satrantha. "Thou ravest. Talk no more to him, ye victims of the Spoliarium. Depart the house!"

Bececellus, with a sigh, threw himself back on the bed and closed his eyes. At this, the gladiators, with many wondering looks at each other, stole from the dwelling. They could not tell what the matter was—thinking that the belt was a balm for everything—and so, over their wine had much and loud discussion relative thereto.

They had not been gone a great while, when Otto and Rabiere came in together.

"Well!" said Satrantha, "what one hath suffered at the sight of thee, since an hour ago?"

"None, my spouse," said Otto. "How fares it with thee, boy?"

"Bad," replied Bececellus—but it might be worse.

"True!" said Rabiere, setting down on the bedside of Bececellus; "death is worse. How are thy wounds, my gamecock?"

"I am still and sore," said Bececellus, "my eyes are weak—also—but, my Patron?"

"Yes," said Rabiere.

"How fought I?"

"Like a Titian!" said Rabiere. "Dost know that thy gallant action in the arena hath won for me many a coin of gold?"

"Has it indeed?" said Bececellus eagerly; "pass it!"

"Yes," said Rabiere, "and I have news for thee."

"What? my patron?"

"The King, Domitian, demands thee for one of his body guard."

"I'll not serve," said Bececellus emphatically. "No, not I!"

Satrantha raised her hands in astonishment at hearing this.

"Not go?" said Otto. "Why man, thy fortune's made."

"He will be summoned to the palace, as soon as his wounds are healed," said Rabiere. "See to it that he comes. I cannot remain here longer." With this Rabiere with a nod of his head towards Otto and Satrantha, walked away.

"Does he want to make me hate him," said Bececellus, "that he talks of the king to me?"

"Be cautious and cool, my son," said Otto, "kings will, and subjects obey. Hark to me, I have seen Hestia."

"Ha! how—when?" cried Bececellus eagerly.

"I demanded an interview with her," said Otto. "But I would have been disappointed in seeing her, if the good Rabiere, thy patron, had not stepped in to assist me. She sends her love, my boy; see that thou merit it."

"Her love!" sneered Satrantha scornfully. "Her love! Bah!"

"As I came this way," continued Otto, "Rabiere told me all of Hestia's meeting with the king."

"All?" said Bececellus. "What dost mean by—all?"

Otto then informed his son of what the reader is already familiar, about Hestia's having to do as the king said. He also spoke of her fainting fit, and why it was.

"She screamed when the boar plunged at thee," said Otto.

"I heard it not," replied Bececellus.

"Yes!" said Otto, "and more that she will herself tell thee. If thou become one of the body guard of the king, thou mayest see her."

"I will see her here," said Bececellus.

"No!" said Otto, "the king will not free her. He wishes to make her his queen."

"Let me get up!" cried Bececellus fiercely, "I will board him in his gilded don. Let me arise!"

"Softly, Bececellus," said Satrantha. "Kings are not boars, that thou mayest strike them and be rewarded."

"Shall I rest me here," urged Bececellus, angrily, "like a puting babe? No, not while I have strength."

"But thou hast not strength."

"Thanks to thy potion, I have!" said Bececellus.

"Well!" said Otto, "we'll see the king on the morrow—rest thee."

CHAPTER IV.

Hestia's Surprise on Recovering in the Palace, and Anxiety for Bececellus—About to Become Domitian's Prey—Otto's Interview with them, and, Permeant, the King—Hestia Retained—Domitian's Father, Lybrius, and Devotes him to the Cures of the Gods—The Book of Death, Domitia Inscrubed.

Hestia, after she had been carried to the palace of Domitian, did not recover from her fainting fit for some time. When she did so, she found herself resting on a gilded couch, in a room gorgeous with the mountings and decorations of state. Was this a dream, or what? Half raising herself, and using her elbow as a support, she glanced around her, and saw the king's room. Surprised, she looked again, but could make nothing of it.

Robbing her eyes for a moment, as if she were sure she was mistaken, thus spoke she, "Is this a dream, or what? I think the last that I can remember was the—O, ah! Bececellus is dead—dead!"

Hestia fell back on the couch and burst into tears of passionate sorrow; far back, in a moment, came the rushing tide of thought; bearing with it the horrid sight of the arena. Was Bececellus dead, or was he living still? Hestia, shuddering at the suggestion of her mind, half arose from the couch and attempted to walk. As she did this, a female attendant came towards her, and asked her bidding.

"Where am I? What is this place?"

"Thy chamber," said the attendant. "Hast thou recovered? If so, then I must summon the king, such were my orders."

"Have I been ill?" asked Hestia.

"That thou hast," replied the attendant.

"How came I here?" continued Hestia, "and where is Bececellus?"

"He that fought the boar?"

"Yes, yes!" said Hestia, eagerly.

"He was taken home, I believe."

"He—he—dead?" half screamed Hestia.

"No; so I understand, not so. The boar tore him some, but not dangerously."

"Thank the Gods!" exclaimed Hestia, fervently. "But I must go to him."

"I will call the king," said the attendant. "I dare not tarry more. He will, I think, then, thou shouldst know." Thus saying the woman left the room. Hestia had lost the color of the rose from her cheeks, and had become pale instead. Thoughts of her lover and his mishap; his request that she should be the first to welcome him when he should return victorious, filled her mind, to the exclusion of everything else.

"I will be communing with herself when the curtains at the further end of the room were pulled aside, and Domitian entered.

"How fares it with thee now, my pale Venus?" said Domitian.

"But ill, my lord," said Hestia, attempting to rise, but falling back through very weakness.

"And why is this?" said Domitian.

"That I am not with—my parents."

"Who are thy parents?" inquired Domitian.

"My father hath a booth just out the market place."

"A booth?" said Domitian. "A lowly home, I see. I know thy brood. There's a loud-mouthed one in the ante room, even now. Child, I hate thy race."

Hestia folded her hands meekly in her lap at hearing this.

"Ay!" continued Domitian. "A cur snarls in the ante room of this, my palace, and demands that he should be brought to thee."

"Ye!" said Hestia, blushing "me, my lord."

Domitian nodded his head affirmatively.

"Dost thou hear his name, my lord?"

"Ay!" said Domitian, "he is called Otto."

"Otto?"

"So I think; but I may mistake. I have no memory for my swine. Rabiere consorts with them. He'll tell you them off upon his fingers, man for man, and name for name."

"Would it please you that I see Otto, my lord?"

"No!" said Domitian. "He is not handsome to look upon, being swarthy, and smelling of old oil and sweat."

"I pray you let him be called!" said Hestia.

"Not I," said Domitian.

"Oh my lord!"

"Stop!" said Domitian. By my laws! Do thou but look that way again, and I die the death of love."

Hestia looked up at Domitian, and became paler than she was before.

"I feel strong again, pray may I go?" said Hestia.

"Go!" said Domitian, "go! Why, thou art to be my queen, in time. The one I have is old; her blood is cold, the fire could not warm her icy veins."

"My parents will—"

"Stay!" said Domitian. "Do thou but remain, and thou shalt see Otto. He will take a word from thee to thy dam—and thy parent. I'll have him called within."

Domitian summoned an attendant, and bade him hasten back with Otto. In a short time he returned with Otto, and then withdrew. As Otto entered the room, Hestia uttered a glad cry; and, springing up, threw her arms about his neck.

"Tell what thou hast to him, and let him be gone." Thus speaking, the king left the room.

"What is it, child?" said Otto, his anger at the abuse he had received melting away at the sight of Hestia's delight at meeting him.

"How does Bececellus fare?" whispered she.

"He has some scratches," answered Otto, "and fainted from loss of blood, but he has recovered by this time. I saw him and carried him home, and then I came here to see what had become of thee."

"How kind thou art!" said Hestia.

"So kind to me," said Otto, smiling, "who received the belt."

"No, no!" said Hestia, "and now I must go with thee—"

"When the Gorgons become as handsome as thou," said Domitian, entering the room, "then thou shalt go."

Hestia clung to Otto, at hearing this, as if she would not let him go without her.

"Now," said Domitian, turning towards Otto, "now, Cyclops, thou canst go."

"I am no Cyclops," said Otto, smiling.

"Get thee gone!" said Domitian, frowning darkly, or it will fare worse with thee and thine."

"Ay! and with this maiden with me?"

"Whose freedom art thou that thou dar'st to bandy words with me?" said Domitian, angrily.

"One of those that made thee king," said Otto.

"A good reply," said Domitian, but what has that to do with this? Take the message that this maid hath sent. Tarry no longer here; the air is fatal to such as thou."

"Thou keepst this girl here against her will and kin."

"Do, and thine, and legends more of her kin and kin."

"The laws are severe on that point," said Otto un

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. W., Philad'a.—1. Your match was not arranged properly for publication in full; moreover, you did not give us the date. 2. We really do not know why the law on high bowling is not more strictly enforced, but think in many cases that incompetent umpires are afraid; and further, the high bowling is wicked at, because good bowlers are scarce here, no matter what they bow high or low, and it is thought by some, that it is not well to decrease their number by too particular prohibitions, unless their bowling is too dangerous to play against. We say, however, that the law should be enforced, no matter what the consequences may be.

FAIR PLAY.—Crabbe.—A and B are playing against C and D; each party have 12 to go, all the hands have been taken, but it only remains for C and D to be taken, which contains ten points. A and B take 12 points in the 5th, C and D claim the game? Yes. The rule applying to the case, reads thus: "He who scores a game as won, that is not won, forfeits it." Had the taking of the extra points occurred at any other stage of the game, however, before A and B had "pegged" their last hole, C and D could only have set them back the two points, and taken two for themselves.

SEVEN UP, Birmingham.—In the fight between Donnelly and Cooper there were eleven rounds. In the first round, Donnelly sent Cooper to earth; in the following three rounds Cooper went down, with Donnelly on him in the last one. In the 6th, Cooper floored Donnelly. 6th and 7th, Cooper down; 8th, Cooper was hit off his legs; Donnelly slipped down in the 9th. Cooper was again floored in the 10th, and in the 11th and last, Donnelly knocked Cooper off his feet.

J. C. Rochester.—In playing at whist, if the partners standing at eight, neglect to "call" before they play a card, they are not entitled to the honors at all, and they must be turned upon the table and considered in the light of exposed cards; further, if the opponent party, being at the ninth point, make the odd trick, they are of course win the game.

M. C. Valley Falls, R. I.—We have seen no account of the fight, in which it is stated that Heenan hit Sayers off his knees, but in several accounts it is stated that he lifted him off the ground and threw him violently. Had he lifted Sayers while the latter was upon his knees upon the ground, it would have been in violation of the rules.

W. F. D. Norfolk.—English beagles are scarce here, there being but few imported and fewer reared, and therefore, difficult to procure. From the old breed of dogs, which are sold here, however, at prices ranging from \$15 to \$40, but they are not thought much of for hunting purposes.

A. K. H. Silver Creek, Pa.—1. We have not those papers. 2. Tom Spring was beaten by Ned Palmer, August 7, 1848, and in March 25, 1851, Spring issued a challenge to all England, to stand good for three months, which, however, was not taken up within the time specified.

DRAMATISTS, Baltimore.—The origin of the term "sock and buskin" long applied to actors and their profession, is derived, we presume, from the old heroic costume of tragedy heroes, partaking of the sandal stock or sock of the Roman soldiers, and the leather body piece worn by the same over their armor.

TELEGRAPH, N. Y.—Murray's card stating that he would not enter the ring again, did not appear in the CLIPPER until after his fight with Heenan, nor in any other journal that we are aware of. It is proper to state, however, that he made such a statement to us, orally, before said fight.

CONSTANT READER.—1. The bill was not forfeited to Sayers. It was first fought by Sayers and the Tipton Slasher, on the 16th of June, 1857, and was won by the former. 2. Address Willmer & Rogers, corner of Liberty and Nassau streets, who are the New York agents for the work.

G. B. R. Elizabethport, N. J.—We have no recollection of a challenge precisely like that mentioned having been published, and we have not time to run over our files for the time Sayers has been before the public to discover if such a challenge has actually appeared.

J. P. T. Stiles, W. Va.—We have received two single dollars within three weeks from you, and you are credited for one year. We could not commence your subscription so far back, several numbers being out of print.

GEORGE McGLADE.—Brother to John McGLADE, is requested to send his address to the CLIPPER Office. He has not been heard from in three years, and his brother would like to have some information of his whereabouts. When last heard from he was in St. Louis.

J. R. Ross, Port Jervis.—Your partner has no right to go alone; the dealer has that privilege, if it is so agreed upon before commencing the game, so says the rule. Our own opinion is, however, that no player has a right to go alone, where a partner assists.

NORRIS CLARK, Fall River.—1. We do not know where you can procure such an instrument. 2. The boxer you allude to is very skillful, but we are hardly prepared to state that he is the best in the country.

HARRIS, Richmond.—1. We know of no other place, and we would not advise you to try him again; he is bogus. 2. We have one or two spare volumes, and could make up the present one, nearly or quite, at 4 cents per copy.

HARRY BLAKE, Rockland, N. Y.—We can forward you "Owen Swift on Boxing," and "Boxing Without a Master," by a pupil of Mendoza, for 13 cents per copy.

DEFENDERS, City of Reading, Pa.—Your last document was shown to the parties, who threatened to forward a reply forthwith. They wish the match to come off on the 10th, instead of the 8th.

CLIPPER.—John C. Heenan was not in the city of New York on the 21st of Nov. We have no knowledge of his having been here since he started on a sparring tour on the 28th of October.

WHITNEY, Birmingham, Conn.—The horse performing the distance, according to agreement, would be entitled to the money, the accident to the other horse not affecting the issue.

A. M. L., Safe Harbor, Pa.—Sullivan took an interest in Lily in the latter's fight with Mr. W., but did not second him. He was one of Lily's advisers, however.

J. L. Corning.—1. If fraud was discovered, B has a right to draw his money. 2. He can fight for his pile, whether there has been previous agreement to that effect, or not.

CORNER.—You will find mention made of the "Staleybridge Chicken" in the first number of this volume of the CLIPPER.

J. McD., Philadelphia.—It is very necessary that a reasonable deposit should accompany a challenge to insure its insertion.

CANE, Washington, D. C.—Drop a line to J. R. Ashford, 607 Cal. lowhill street, Philadelphia.

J. W. D., Ridgeway.—We don't know the party, and have sufficient to do to attend to our own paper.

BENSON, N. Y.—Tom Sayers has been defeated once by Nat Langham.

A. W., Peoria.—Of course he can win, if he holds the best four out.

A. M. Y., Safe Harbor, Pa.—We can send you Cooper's work for \$1.

J. C., Philadelphia.—We have not seen likenesses of them.

S. and J., Louisville.—The price of the work is one dollar.

J. T. F., Jefferson City.—Send to the publisher.

JOHN C. HEENAN WILL FIGHT HURST, THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.—We have it from pretty good authority that John C. Heenan, the gallant son of Benicia, would have no objection whatever to a passage at arms with the conqueror of Paddock, in the late fight for the Championship of England, and now universally known as the "Staleybridge Infant," providing he could be assured of an even show on Britain's shores. He would prefer, however, to have the battle take place in America, and give Hurst \$1000 to come here, if the stakes were placed as high as \$50,000 a side. This offer must strike the reader as being at once liberal, and indicative of great determination, and reliance on his own powers, and as eminently characteristic of the man. That Hurst could be prevailed upon to come here, is, we think, rather doubtful, as, if the battle were fought here, it would not be for the Championship of England, therefore he would be liable, nay, very likely to be challenged for that honor during his absence, which would make rather quick work for him. If, however, he could be induced to throw aside his aspirations in that direction, and cross the Atlantic to do battle with our gallant champion, Heenan, we feel satisfied that he would get a "fair show" or, at least, we think a referee might be found who would not be so anxious to exercise his locomotive powers in such a hurry as the one at Farnborough. On the other hand, should Heenan conclude to again brave the lion in his den, if he were assured by responsible parties of justice being done him, which, judging from the past, seems somewhat doubtful, we would strongly advise him to look well to his rights, and see to it that the stakeholder and referee be men of probity and reliability, and who would be sure to do justice between man and man. However, the matter is as yet merely in a state of embryo, which time and circumstances will doubtless develop satisfactorily. We shall defer further comment for the present, therefore, and wait patiently for something more definite to transpire. On Heenan's return from the tour of the States, which he is now on, active measures may be taken to bring the match about, and, perhaps, an ambassador to the court of St. James will be sent, fully authorized to close a treaty, providing, as before stated, it is likely that it can be arranged "on the square," for we want no more such humbugging as on the last occasion, a trip to England for that purpose being, to say the least, rather expensive. As a wind up, we would therefore state, that another international match may possibly be again placed on the docket; and should such be the case, the readers of the CLIPPER need hardly be assured that they will be at all times early and reliably posted.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

The world has always been very forward to give a loud-mouthed assent to the theory of the above apothegm, and follow up the cry with any amount of frothy protestation; but even a moderate experience of the motives which prompt men's actions ought to prepare one to look back at this gilded sign for the real goods liable to dispensation at the establishment. If we find them good and true, the bulk agreeing with the sample so ostentatiously exhibited, well and good—let us heartily approve; but if the wares do not comport with the announcement, let us as surely and heartily expose and condemn. In too many cases, alas! the outward pretension and the inward fact will not abide the comparison. The world is fond of exclamations of surprise, of raising its hands and d turning its eyes when revelations of fraud and hypocrisy are brought to notice; but we should think reflection upon its oft-repeated experience would teach it that the lesson is too common to excite a mere hollow display of sentimentality; that, rather, the oft-recurring spectacle should be viewed so calmly, so practically, so in the light of common sense and common experience, as to become at once a beacon of warning, and a guide to better sentiments and more honorable practices.

Men without principle will overreach in their business arrangements; and in the pursuit of their pleasures and amusements, where "Honor" presides, and the usage of honorable men is the law, written or unwritten, the same want of rectitude is, we are pained to confess, frequent and pointed. Clearly, the laws of God, the formal, written codes of man, and the more intangible, but sometimes more powerful restraints of usage and opinion are severally, or united, frequently incapable of shielding us from deception and injustice. Nor is the Ring, among other sports, exempt from the presence and efforts of those who would elevate themselves at all hazards, let who may suffer. A very strong instance of this has been brought to light within a year, and the primary departure from the line of rectitude is receiving its due meed of infliction of untold troubles, which only seem to multiply as time elapses. The actor, too, by one struggle after another to escape the consequences, has only seemed to involve himself still deeper by fresh departures from an honorable line of right doing; or, at least, to besmear himself still more hopelessly in the consequences of the old error.

By this time, we fancy, our readers will recognize the likeness of the "renegade referee," of the great international fight at Farnborough. Verily, we believe, from circumstances which have lately transpired, and set forth elsewhere, he *feels* by this time that "honesty is the best policy." Really, his position is not a little pitiable. He becomes a party, the chief overt actor, in a gigantic swindle; and then by his subsequent efforts to carry out his course with a high hand, involves himself so deep in a series of actions not "on the square," that he is not a little likely to come to logger-heads with his own friends.

A drunken man thinks all the world, inanimate as well as sentient, drunk—except himself; so this man, having gone awry himself, is now ready to accuse everybody else, even Tom Sayers, of ingratitude and wrong-doing. See the last very entertaining if much to be condemned phase that B.R. business has taken. Up to a period considerably subsequent to Heenan's departure from Albion's shores, the vicissitudes of his history are but too well known to all of us, and need no recapitulation. But of its current history we are bound to keep posted, both for our own and our readers' satisfaction. And here, then, is the latest phase; the last link as yet known to be forged in this chain of double dealing. The "final stakeholder" in all Championship matches" and sometime referee, has talked honesty so long and so loud that people really believed the sign truly indicated the wares, and he was made custodian of the belt, when not in possession of the *pro tem* Championship of England. The rules under which he is its keeper from time to time are exactly defined and well known. The world of pugilism rely on his honor (or have done so) that in his charge it is safe; that their faith would be honored by corresponding faith; that the belt would be regularly forthcoming when wanted; or, at the worst, that this failing, such guarantees would be brought forward as to prove that the rules in the premises had been faithfully observed; that no breach of honor had been brought to light; and that at least a forfeit, if not the thing itself, could always be shown in his hands. Such are the terms of the contract, and even a *de facto* Champion of England would not be allowed to infringe upon the routine, even in the smallest particular. Dost remember how pointedly all this was impressed upon the attention of John C. Heenan, when he supposed that he was going to be allowed to really contend for this same trophy? After the rumors, groundless, or not, of course we cannot tell, of a change of belts with Tom, *sub rosa*—a flagrant breach of more than the laws of honor, even a suspicion of which unimpeachable purity of life should have rendered impossible—special care to pursue a rigid course of honesty, one would think, should have been pursued. But the fact is, the scutcheon of purity once soiled, a man does not appear to know when he is dishonest. Now take this case. Tom comes and borrows the belt—the genuine, not his new one, unless by a double-barrelled new fraud to try and mystify the old one still deeper—to give *clad* to some exhibitions in the north. This man lends the belt, on his own responsibility, and without a forfeit, in defiance of the rules of the P. B. A., and in gross breach of trust.

Now comes the reward of all these crooked practices, commencing at Farnborough and ending in his own complete degradation. A merited anti-climax. His efforts to put Tom Sayers through at any and all hazards, at any and all expense of time, cash and honor; have now all come heaping back, and with usury, upon his own head. Why he is actually reduced to the strait of begging Tom not to expose him. Isn't it at once laughable and pitiable? Tom gets the belt, makes the most of it at his exhibitions, and—don't return it! Well, suppose he concludes to keep it, what then? Why, if we judge crimes by their magnitude, Tom's is even then a trivial peccadillo to his friend's astounding breach of trust. Who's going to compel him to bring it back? We opine it was returned; but who could compel it? We fancy even its rightful guardian wouldn't be too loud or stringent in his demands; for a break with Tom, just yet, might bring out too much of the bargaining about that same belt, to be agreeable to the feelings of said custodian. Observe this—some of these facts will sooner or later be known and published to the world. Suppose Tom comes over here and "blows"? Why, we should know a few things that we are now partly compelled to gather circumstantially from appearances. Direct testimony is better than inference. Rather than have that happen just now, wouldn't the poor fellow, faithless now to friends as well as foes, tell Tom to "slide" pay the forfeit, he has incurred, from his own pocket, forswear pugilism; and bury that belt, more irreparable than our niggers, in a tomb that would become foul from contact with a thing that has collected so much disgrace in its career.

Why, had not that man experience enough of the world to know that underhand means to achieve ends for Tom would, in the end, bring Tom's contempt upon himself? And his distrust, too, and both of a practical nature, upon provocation? Now he has them, evidently. We don't, nor never did, as our readers know, nor does our old or brave Champion, at all blame Tom for his part (if we can call it such) of that whole affair; we believe him brave and honorable. The whole thing is working itself to its legitimate end; and truth will yet come forth vindicated as clear as noonday, even though too late for practical avengers.

See him, helpless in his already partial exposure—"We think after the numerous kindnesses received at our hands, such conduct is most unpardonable." Oh! doubtless. But what sort of "kindnesses" paved the way for "such conduct"? We shall get no answer, in a hurry—unless from Tom. If "prosperity has raised this man," &c., [see the doc.] what has degraded his referee?

But we must close for the present. "A queer triangular imbroglio." Sayers, Heenan, and Hurst have all fought for and been awarded a Belt worth 100 good English sovereigns; there are (or were) three belts of that value, but nary a one has either a man got it! If two can "make a fight," how many does it take to get the trophy? We await further developments.

MA. TEN DANCE'S HORSES were about to be removed from Newmarket to Roden House, Compton, near Newbury, which establishment, formerly occupied by John Dawson, Mr. Ten Broeck has hired from Mr. La Mer.

BERGER, THE BILLIARD PLAYER, IN BOSTON.

On the evening of the 20th ult., at Allston Hall, Boston, a large party of ladies and gentlemen were entertained by a private exhibition of the skill of the two great billiard players, Monsieur Berger and Mr. Phelan, of New York. The exhibition was given for the "special benefit" of the press gang and their ladies; and those who attended were surprised, and more than gratified, by the brilliant display made by the respective champions. The balls were set in motion at eight o'clock, with a game of caroms—according to the French method—one hundred points up. The quick-handed and twenty-two stone-weight Frenchman won the game easily enough, although some of the magnificent shots executed by Phelan impressed the spectators with the idea that in a match for the "possibles" at "our own game" Michael would prove more than a "troublesome customer" to the ponderous and accomplished Monsieur. Berger favored himself with thirteen runs, the highest of which was 24. Phelan made nine runs and 31 points. The players, at intervals, received hearty applause, and at the finale, Mr. Phelan retired, and Berger, "according to promise," treated the attentive audience to a good display of fancy shots. After the exhibition at Allston Hall, a very interesting display of the science took place at Moran's Billiard Rooms, containing ten of Phelan's tables, opposite the Revere House. Phelan played against Gerry two games, round the table, beating him on the first by 12, and the second 40 points. John Flack, an amateur, next took the cue. Phelan vanquished him in the first game by 54, and in the second by 22 points. In the first game Phelan made a run of 77 points, and in the second, Flack run 51 points. Previous to the opening of the contest between M. Berger and Mr. Phelan, the former addressed the audience, the substance of his remarks being as follows:—

GENTLEMEN—I am proud of the brilliant company that surrounds me. The press—watchful organ, great tribune of the human intelligence—will be kind enough to gather my modest words, and inform the amateurs of the billiard game of the aim of my presence here. I come, gentlemen, as a brother, to show you the French game, with all its combinations. I come as a friend, but not as an antagonist. Therefore, be good enough, gentlemen, to consider me as an artist—very happy if I please you. I will neglect nothing, gentlemen, to enlighten you on the true science of the billiard game, and to reach that aim will be my noblest ambition. Nothing would be more flattering to my mind than if I could induce you to sympathize with my tastes and share my affection. I hope, gentlemen, that Boston—the new Athens, the great city, which I am proud to say, sent me, at Paris, so many visiting gentlemen from year to year—will be as hospitable as New York, the imperial city, has been to me.

There is a great interest felt by all classes of the community in the game of billiards, and Boston is inclined, as was New York, to recognize the ponderous Frenchman as the most skillful representative of the science this country has ever seen. On the 21st ult., Berger, at Allston Hall, was favored with a select audience of over two hundred and fifty, the same being composed entirely of gentlemen, among whom were Prof. Longfellow and James Lawrence, Esq. Berger commenced operations between 7½ and 8 o'clock, in a series of elegant combinations, suggested at the time and by the accidental "polish" of the "ivories," the applause was immense. At 8 o'clock Mr. Phelan's entrance was advertised by several rounds of applause, and without delay both champions got to work at the French carom game. Monsieur leading off. Below we append the tallies:—

PHELAN.			BERGER.		
Innings.	Runs.	Totals.	Innings.	Runs.	Totals.
1	0	0	1	8	8
2	10	10	2	1	13
3	2	12	3	1	14
4	0	12	4	0	14
5	2	14	5	1	15
6	1	15	6	5	20
7	1	16	7	1	21
8	6	22	8	8	29
9	0	22	9	0	29
10	3	25	10	0	29
11	2	26	11	3	32
12	0	26	12	3	35
13	6	32	13	0	35
14	1	33	14	0	35
15	2	35	15	2	37
16	1	36	16	2	39
17	0	36	17	1	40
18	6	42	18	16	56
19	3	45	19	16	72
20	0	45	20	12	84
21	0	45	21	6	90
22	1	46	22	10	100

"The fun" of the evening wound up with a variety of trick or fancy shots, Monsieur receiving thunders of applause whenever he succeeded in executing his mass shots with that skill and taste for which his play is remarkable.

AMERICAN GYMNASIUM CONVENTION AND TOURNAMENT.—The first tournament of this organization is announced to take place at the Metropolitan Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill., on the 7th of January, 1861. Some months since, when first determined, we gave the particulars of the settled programme, but as they may have escaped the recollection of the reader, we may as well give a present resume. The value of the several prizes is \$1000, to be distributed as follows:—\$200 to the best general gymnast, who shall combine the most strength, agility, and grace in the use of ordinary gymnastic apparatus; \$200 to the strongest man, exhibiting with dumb-bells, pulley weights, &c.; \$200 for the best combination of two, three, or more men, in grouping, posturing, duplicate ladders, trapezes, &c.; \$100 to the fastest runner of one mile on the circular track, eighty feet in diameter; \$500 in six equal sums of \$50 each, to the best performers on the horizontal bar, the suspended rings, the parallel bars, trapezes and slack rope, sparring and fencing, respectively. The entrance fee is \$10, and must be paid before noon of the 7th of January.

THE FUTURE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.—Under this head the *Sporting Life* of November 10th discusses at large, the merits and demerits of the winner of the late battle, and goes into a comparison between him and Heenan, and pleases to charge Americans with indulging in "clap-trap egotism" in calling J. C. Heenan the Champion of the World. We may be rather obtuse in discovering our own faults perhaps, but really we can't discover why Heenan should not have been so designated. To be Champion of England, has, since the youngest days of the ring, been considered by Englishmen as tantamount to being champion of the world, (for they would not for a moment believe that science, skill, and physical endurance existed anywhere outside of their own "dear Isle," until they got most palpable proof to the contrary.) therefore as Heenan whipped their best man, we have their authority for so calling him, and he will continue to be so considered until his claim thereto is honorably wrested from him. Egotism! forsooth, if John Bull's fair proportions are not considerably inflated by that commodity, why don't they know what egotism is. We publish the article alluded to in another column.

THE TRIGGER.

THE TRIGGER at KROCK, Iowa.—A shooting match came off there on the 19th ult., between a young and promising member and the Champion of the Club, at quail, 15 yards rise, 40 boundary, charges unlimited, for \$50 a side. As Mr. Clark had already shown some remarkably clever points in the field, consequently the betting was slightly in his favor. R. Chadwick was referee, and ex-champion Stanislaus stakeholder. We append the result of the shooting:—

Champion Edwin.....1011111111010-10

S. D. Clark.....001000100100-3

Remarks.—It was clearly evident that neither party wished to take advantage, although the match was unlimited. Mr. Clark shot with a very fine 12 gauge gun, and the Champion a 14, each using only an ounce of shot. At the Champion's second shot, his gun missed, and the bird darted off as only quail can dart for his native fields. When the match was half over, it was the Billings House to a brick bat on the Champion, and at the finish the parties separated with good will and friendly feelings.

Yours, WOODCOCK.

TAYLOR VS CARSON.—These crack shots, the former of Jersey City, the latter of Philadelphia, have made a match, to shoot at pigeons, for \$250 a side, on December 18th, at Cranbury, N. J., according to the following conditions:—Each party to shoot at 100 birds, from ground trap, the gun to be held below the elbow, 1½ oz. shot to be used." The boat by which Taylor and his friends start for the scene of action, leaves Pier No. 1, N. R. at six o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th. They intend returning immediately after the conclusion of the match.

A "GO" AT PIGEONS.—On Thursday, Nov. 1, a large company assembled at Wadsworth, near London, to witness a match between Mr. Walker and Mr. Gilbert, at 15 birds each, for \$5 a side, from H and T traps, 21 yards rise, 60 fall.

Mr. Gilbert.....11100001000010-3

Mr. Walker.....100101000110010-6

After the above two gentlemen entered their names for a pig that was given away free. After some bad shooting, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Nichols tied, each killing 8 out of 11, and divided.

THE LATE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

The minutiae relating to this battle, including a detail of the rounds having been given in last week's CLIPPER, renders it unnecessary to repeat them. Our opinion of the battle was also given, and seems pretty generally coincided in by our contemporaries. To give our readers an idea, however, of the bearing of the man on the occasion, more particularly of the Staleybridge Infant, with whom there is a faint probability Heenan may some day come in contact, we here append the remarks of some two or three of the English sporting journals, on the, as they term it, "big event," and of which they all speak quite slightly:—

WHAT THE *ERA* SAYS.—The champion's belt was last Tuesday scrambled for by Tom Paddock and a Lancashire man named Hurst, at the Staleybridge Inn, Theobalds, the place being stopped near Basinstoke, at last came off near Hungerford. Paddock, whose age is thirty six, and height some 5ft. 11in., is a burly, good-humored looking fellow. Hurst is a young man of twenty-three, whose height is 6ft. 2in.; his ordinary weight is 19 stone, but his training had brought him down to a stifle under 15st. He is larger and heavier than Heenan, and a clumsy fellow to look at. The "battle" was hardly worthy of the name, as the five rounds were fought, Hurst drew "first blood"; but in the first four rounds both men fought very poorly. In the fifth round Paddock delivered the only fine blow given in the course of the fight, full and straight upon the left eye and cheek of Hurst. The "Infant" fairly staggered under it, and was in the act of retiring to his corner, when Paddock made an absurd rush at him unworthy of any notice. "Battle" was hardly worthy of the name, as the five rounds were fought, Hurst drew "first blood"; but in the first four rounds both men fought very poorly. In the fifth round Paddock delivered the only fine blow given in the course of the fight, full and straight upon the left eye and cheek of Hurst. The "Infant" fairly staggered under it, and was in the act of retiring to his corner, when Paddock made an absurd rush at him unworthy of any notice. "Battle" was hardly worthy of the name, as the five rounds were fought, Hurst drew "first blood"; but in the first four rounds both men fought very poorly. In the fifth round Paddock delivered the only fine blow given in the course of the fight, full and straight upon the left eye and cheek of Hurst. The "Infant" fairly staggered under it, and was in the act of retiring to his corner, when Paddock made an absurd rush at him unworthy of any notice.

WHAT THE *SPORTING LIFE* SAYS.—This fight was really so bad that it almost defies comment. Perhaps a mill so unmarked by any of the essential qualities of pugilism was never decided—certainly not for the championship of England. Paddock seemed to have lost all recollection of his former self, and poked and scrambled as if he had never learnt the uses of his fists at all. Indeed we found it hard to believe that he was the same man, so much had the mighty fallen. He was invariably short in the few deliveries which he essayed, and in the fifth round, after landing a hot run on Hurst's eye, he exhibited wretched tactics, completely rushing on to his fate, and catching Hurst's right on the region of the heart, was completely knocked out of time. Had he been patient, he might have made a better fight of it, although he could not have won. Hurst, from the commencement, was awkward, and devoid of the slightest science, and he was his victory more to a lucky blow and his great strength than to any other cause. He lunged out at times, apparently without aim or object, and seemed at times to be rushing on to his ruin, without self-possession or some other cause. He had every thing in his favor—youth, weight, length of reach and height, and has become the Champion of England on cheaper terms than any of his predecessors. Neither of the men displayed any serious signs of punishment at the finish of this brief battle. Tom Paddock bled slightly at the mouth, and although very ill for some time was gradually recovering when we left him.

Hurst's only visible mark of punishment was on the left eye, where he napped Paddock's left hander; just before he had such ample revenge by knocking poor Old Tom out of time. WHAT THE *RENEGADE REFEREE'S* ORGAN SAYS.—Comments upon the above fight are almost superfluous, but as our practice has ever been to offer some few extra observations, our account would be deemed incomplete without them. In the first place, then, we say of Paddock, that he ought never to have made this match. His battle with Sayers must have convinced his friends, as it did ourselves, that all the stunts of a pugilist, and that of a match, were against such a fine young fellow as Hurst was a most hazardous proceeding. His courage had been quite sufficiently tried in his long career, without his being required to give this additional proof that his heart was in the right place. That he would be disposed of quite so easily as he was, we did not expect, but we must say we had but little confidence in his proving victorious, but his opponent have even the faintest notion of malice, and that he was a counter, Tom fought less judiciously than we ever saw him. In fact, the system he pursued was the very one to lead to defeat. For an old one to force the fighting and try to cut down any man is at all times dangerous; but to go deliberately to close quarters against an overwhelming force, novice though Hurst was, seemed ridiculous and Tom's rush into the fight, was a caution persons thought fool, believing he had been on his knees, led him into the very jaws of defeat. We fear that the blow he received in the previous corner had had upon his equanimity, and so he let temper (which has been the bane of his fist career) get the better of him, and hasten his fall. That he would have had a chance had he not received the fatal blow, is a possibility, but we think on this occasion he seemed to exhibit little, if any, more science than Hurst. We cannot help sympathizing with him for leaving of a loser, for it is certain he will never re-enter the ring; and we trust that although his friends have lost their money, they will not forget the past merits of their pet, against whose fistful performance the only charge that can be brought, is that he was always too anxious to be at work, and too eager for the prize, but too careless upon mistakes which a more even temperament would have avoided. Upon his honesty the breath of suspicion never rested. A liberal subscription was made for him on the ground, which we hope will be largely added to during the ensuing week. We have received a letter from Mr. Woolley, the backer of Hurst, and shall be glad to be the means of conveying to him the donations of others who respect a brave boxer, and wish to add their mites to console him under his defeat. Of Sam Hurst we may truly say, that in him we were agreeably disappointed. We had been told that he was a great lumbering piece of humanity, and could do nothing but wrestle. He was, it was said, sure to squeeze Tom's breath out of his body, throw him over the ropes into the middle of next week, &c., &c., but he would never be able to hit him; whereas, on his setting out, it was at once apparent that he had not the remotest intention of using his gigantic power in the manner represented, for at the conclusion of the first round he could easily have seized and thrown Paddock had he been so disposed, before the latter reached the ground, and he could have repeated this in a subsequent bout; but, instead of doing so, he contented himself with pushing his man quietly off, and walking to his corner. He displayed no knowledge of the art of self-defence, a circumstance not surprising, seeing that he had not put on the gloves much more than a dozen times in the course of his life. At the commencement he seemed somewhat nervous and unused, evidently by the novelty of his position, and he has since informed us that, being ignorant of the rules of the Ring, and having seen so very little of the practice of the noble art, he was afraid of doing anything that might in any way jeopardise his chance. This, of course, would give an air of awkwardness to his performance, which, on another occasion, will doubtless disappear. He is a very hard and straight hitter, with both hands, and when he knows a man is coming, he will not hesitate to "caution" to boxers." Of his courage we have no doubt, for although he received no punishment sufficient to put him to a very severe test, still there was no disposition whatever to flinch, neither was there any of that quailing of the eye or quivering of the lip which invariably accompanies a soft one." He fought in the most manly, upright manner, scornful to take any advantage, and his appearance, and manner generally, made a decidedly favorable impression on the minds of the gentlemen who were present. We are glad to hear, that in his own district he is a general favorite, being one of the quietest, best tempered young fellows going. His friends are so delighted with his success, that we believe they would back him for

THE GAME OF CHESS.

OUR PROBLEM THIS WEEK.—We invite the attention of our Chess contemporaries to the capital puzzle presented this week. Such problems are by no means favorites of ours, but occasionally a real masterpiece, like this, justly commands attention.

MORPHY CHESS ROOMS.—We shall have the sixteen victors in the first round of the Free Tournament to announce next week.

VALUABLE—OUR THANKS.—We have received many valuable contributions of late, among them a game from Philadelphia, which we think will slightly astonish some who have called certain Philadelphia players, we might mention, "rook players!" Our contributors will accept our cordial thanks for their various kindnesses.

ENIGMA No. 252.

BY HERB KLING.—Ill. Lon. News.



THEATRICAL RECORD.

Announcements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTER UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:

Albany, N. Y. J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20 6m
 Baltimore, Md. Geo. F. Walker, 12 North st. (basement). 18 6m
 Cleveland, O. T. J. Quinn & Co., 114 Ontario street. 18 6m
 Troy, N. Y. A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig office. 35 6m

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN HOUSE.

Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
 JERRY, NEIL, and DAN BRYANT, Managers and Proprietors.
 OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the season. The Original and World-Famous BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:

JERRY BRYANT,	DAN BRYANT,	D. S. WAMBOLD,
J. H. STYVIL,	M. A. HOBBS,	M. A. SCOTT,
A. W. CHARLES,	DAN EMMETT,	P. B. ISAACS,
JAR CARROLL,	N. W. GOULD,	PAUL BERGER,
T. NORTON,	T. J. PEELE,	NEIL BRYANT,

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c. The first to introduce the following popular songs:
 Essence of Old Virginia,
 Scenes at Gurney's,
 Scenes at Thalon's,
 The Three Hunters,
 The Garretters,
 Dural Macdill's Drollery,
 Miss Isipili Fling,
 Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Goner, Whose Wheel Dat Burning, Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Bounce, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.
 Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

BURNLEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.

NEW ORGANIZATION
 TRIPLE COMBINATION!
 Consisting of
 CORPS DE BALLET, PANTOMIME TROUPE,
 And the most carefully selected company of
 ETHIOPIAN MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS
 The world has ever produced.

LIST OF ARTISTS FOR 1880-81.

A. V. HERANDEZ, HARRY LEHR,
 GUSTAVE BIDAUX, W. ALONZO OWENS,
 H. S. RUMSEY, M. L. ROSATI,
 LITTLE BOBBY, JULIUS RUTSON,
 E. FRUCHANT, YOUNG LANGLOIS,
 MONS. B. YATSEIE, CARL DE VINCENT,
 J. GARATEQUI, T. D. STANLEY,
 W. W. NEWCOMB.

This Mammoth Enterprise will start on its Annual Tour, West and South, on route for the island of Cuba, August 18th.

Until the present season, we have announced ourselves as BURNLEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, and as such were everywhere recognized. The name was our by inheritance, we being the survivors of those who now sleep beneath the clouds of the valley, having, with them, years ago, formed the Campbells. As one by one departed, we kept struggling on to maintain the reputation our dead brethren left behind, and at the same time establish permanently the name originally adopted. Soon the name became familiar as household words to the public, and the announcement "THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING" was everywhere hailed with delight. But men lacking force, integrity, talent, or business qualifications, formed bands spasmodically, and as Gipsies do, their stolen children, named them falsely and called them Campbells. We found non-professional persons—Bohemians, strolling actors, mountebanks and impostors—roaming from city to city and town to town, and deceiving the public by ingeniously copied publications and downright misrepresentations. Recollections of the golden days of the Campbells; respect for the memory of our deceased co-laborers; and a desire to keep the public from the machinations of the vagabonds above alluded to, we deemed it best to lay aside the name of Campbells, whose escutcheon we labored hard to keep untarnished, and as same that of our established firm; at the same time we would CAUTION THE PUBLIC that no persons now traveling or living, save ourselves, have a right to announce themselves as CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

1881

W. W. NEWCOMB, Managers and Proprietors.

MOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.

AT THEIR OLD HOMESTEAD.
 N. B. Messrs. Mooley, Campbell & Griffin beg leave to announce to their patrons and the public generally, that they have leased the above commodious and popular saloon for the winter season, where they intend to produce a series of Ethiopian Entertainments in the most recherche style, which, in point of finish and execution, shall far exceed anything of the kind ever offered to a New York audience. The Programme being UNIQUE, ORIGINAL, and UNAPPROACHABLE.

LOOK AT THE COMPANY.

BEN COTTON, J. UNSWORTH,
 S. CAMPBELL, MASTER EUGENE,
 G. W. H. GRIFFIN, W. NORTON,
 B. DONNER, J. C. REEVES,
 E. J. MILLVILLE, AUG. ASCHER,
 J. J. HILLIARD, I. A. ZWISLER,
 and R. M. MOOLEY.

For further particulars, see small bills. Doors open at 6 1/2; to come earlier at 7 1/2. Tickets, 25 cents. 20

THE MOST COMPLETE AND

LARGEST MINSTREL TROUPE TRAVELLING,
 is again in the field for the year 1880 and '81.
 UNEQUALLED AND INCOMPARABLE
 DOUBLE TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
 Consisting of the very flower of Ethiopian Artists in the profession.
 SHOREY, DUPREZ & GREEN'S
 ONLY ORIGINAL

NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE.

AND A MAMMOTH BRASS BAND.
 Are on the move for the West, South, and the island of Cuba, and during the present season they will visit the following cities: New Bedford, Lynn, Springfield, Massachusetts; Concord, N. H.; Brattleboro, Vermont; New Haven, Conn.; Paterson, N. J.; Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, N. Y.; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Ohio; Detroit, Mich.; Chicago, Ill.; Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Paul, Dubuque, Iowa; Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; Louisville, Ky.; Nashville, Tenn.; Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Miss.; Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Havana, Cuba; Mobile, Ala.; Montgomery, Savannah, Ga.; Augusta, Charleston, S. C.; Columbia, Wilmington, N. C.; Norfolk, Richmond, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Boston, Mass.; and stopping at all the principal towns along the whole route, on which occasion every member of this stupendous troupe will appear in a series of new selection of Acts, selected from the gems of Ethiopian Minstrelsy. THE NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND, led by Mr. JOHN PRATT, will give a Grand Serenade in front of the Hall each evening previous to opening the doors.
 Managers and Business Agent, CHAS. H. DUPREZ & GREEN. 25 41

MRS. MATT. PEELE'S

CAMPBELL MINSTRELS,
 Comprising
 FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,
 Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their

BEAUTIFUL SINGING,

LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,
 UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,
 OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,
 Interspersed with a catalogue of over one Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other Travelling Companies; and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

NO CARDS EXPLANATORY.

NO RESORT TO RASE CALUMNY.
 As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were obliged by law to drop the name of Campbells.

Particulars of the evening's amusements always observed in the

distributing programmes of the day.
 25 41 J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

MORRIS BROTHERS, TELL & TROWBRIDGE'S

MINSTRELS,
 Are now in their

FOURTH REGULAR SEASON,

At their Opera House,
 ORFORD WAY HALL, BOSTON.
 The Company consists of the following talented artists—
 LON MORRIS, E. BOWERS,
 BILLY MORRIS, FRED. WILSON,
 JOHNNY PHIL, R. M. CARROLL,
 J. C. TROWBRIDGE, W. H. BROCKWAY,
 A. A. THAYER, C. L. GILBERT,
 E. W. PRINCE, CARL TRAUTMAN,
 J. P. ENRIE, FREDERICK HESS,
 CHAS. A. MORRIS, MASTER GETTINGS.

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.
 19 LON MORRIS, Manager.

SEYMOUR'S REGALIA AND CLOTHING DEPOT, No. 153 Canal street.

The best variety of Costumes in America made to order and to hire. Country correspondents, to insure an answer, will please enclose a stamp. No business done on Sunday. 51 41

JESSE SAUNDERS, formerly man of Henderson's Pitts-

burgh Theatre, and Crisp's Gaiety, Memphis, is inquired for by Edward P. Kendall, New Orleans. 33

GERMAN VOLKS GARDEN.

BOWERY, 29, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51.
 PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON.
 O'CONNOR, SHOH & CO., Proprietors.
 MR. T. L. O'CONNOR, Stage Manager.
 FIG. C. CONSTANTIN, Ballet Master.
 MR. FIRSHAMMAN, Leader of the Orchestra.
 MR. M. ASHWAY, Treasurer.
 GRAND ENTERTAINMENT EVERY EVENING,
 With the

LARGEST AND

MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
 Their chief endeavor being to PLEASE the numerous patrons of this establishment, and thereby maintain the reputation, that of being the most attractive and best conducted place of amusement in the city.

NO FEMALE WAITERS!

EVERYTHING NEW THIS WEEK!
 New Engagements and first week of:
 Mr. M. BERRY, Comedian and Comic Vocalist.
 Miss CECILIA MORLEY, Mad. E. PERIOLA,
 In their selections of beautiful Duets.
 Sig. CONSTANTIN, and his complete Corps de Ballet.
 Miss SOPHIA WILTON, beautiful Dancer, and a host of GERMAN AND FRENCH TALENT.
 The performance closes every evening with a GRAND PANTOMIME.
 THE PALACE HALL CONCERT SALOON
 Is the cheapest place of amusement in the city.
 Admission SIX CENTS only. Doors open at 7 o'clock.
 EVERY SUNDAY EVENING
 'GRAND SACRED CONCERT',
 FORTY MUSICIANS.
 33 11 Admission 12 Cents.

PERCIVAL'S PAGODA.

PERCIVAL'S PAGODA.
 BALTIMORE MUSEUM, BALTIMORE, MD.
 GEORGE PERCIVAL, Conductor.
 The most popular place of amusement in the whole country. One continued tide of throngs since the opening.
 COME, SHOW AND GO.

During three months this establishment has been the theatre of the performances of the very first artists in the country. The plan of Conductor Percival's campaign is good performances, quick acts, and speedy change.

Among the many artists who have played successful engagements at this establishment since its opening are:
 Miss FANNY FORREST, Mr. OLE BILL MYERS,
 Miss CELIA MORLEY, Mr. FULTON MYERS,
 Miss DELLA ST. MAUR, Mr. BOB BUTLER,
 Miss KATE LESLIE, Mr. GARRY DE MOIT,
 Miss MARION CROFFORD, Mr. J. A. HERMAN,
 Miss AUGUSTA LAMMERQUE, SIGNOR GORDI,
 Miss VICTORIA DE MOIT, HERCULES LIBBY,
 Mr. AMELIA BUTLER, GEORGE MILES,
 Mr. EDWARD BERRY, WIZARD BELMONT,
 Mr. WM. W. PIERCE, Mr. WM. WORELL,
 A CORPS DE BALLET—A CORPS DE PANTOMIME—DRAMATIC AUXILIARIES—A FULL ORCHESTRA—A CONCERT BAND,
 And Efficient Officers and Attendants.
 Admission—Dress Circle, 25 cts.; First and Second Galleries, 10 cts.
 From Forty to Fifty Artists contribute to the entertainments each evening.
 Artists of acknowledged and undisputed talent, Dancers, Acrobats, Vocalists, &c., can have engagements for stated periods by writing what weeks are open, and particulars. 33 21

ART UNION CONCERT HALL,

497 BROADWAY.
 The most popular PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
 Open every evening, with the following talent—
 Miss ANNIE BOWELL, the unrivalled Soprano, in ballads, Scotch songs, and gems from the operas.
 Miss KATE PARTINGTON, the Champion Jig Dancer.
 Miss P. JONES, Comic Vocalist and Dancer.
 Little NELLIE GREY, the Infant Wonder.
 W. BORDWELL, the greatest Pianist and Pianist Actor.
 COOL BURGESS, the original Bob Ridley.
 BILLY JACOBS, Comic Vocalist and Eccentric Comedian.
 W. WEST, Ethiopian Comedian.
 TOM BROOKFIELD, in Songs and Dances.
 YOUNG DAN WILLIAMS, the greatest Banjoist in the world.
 Together with FIFTEEN FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS, besides the largest and most efficient Orchestra in the city, under the direction of Mr. JOSEPH BRAHAM.
 W. BORDWELL, Stage Manager. 31

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
 SYLVESTER WOOD, Proprietor and Manager.
 FROM WOOD'S TEMPLE OF MINSTRELRY,
 561 and 563 BROADWAY, N. Y.
 Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS AND PICTURES, illustrative of
 SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY.
 AMERICAN CONCERT HALL,
 AMERICAN CONCERT HALL,
 444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.
 IMMENSE SUCCESS.
 IMMENSE SUCCESS.

The largest, best and most respectable concert hall in the city conducted upon a very different principle to any other like place in the country, talent being the great draw, and not outside show. Vulgar jokes, obscene songs, and numberless other aids disgusting to mention, which not only shock the sensitive, but cause numbers of persons to avoid every place of amusement indiscriminately, are avoided at the

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

The great success is a proof that the manager's efforts are appreciated. The following talent will appear every evening—

The only original Irish Comedian in America.
 L. SIMMONS, in his great unequalled Banjo Solo.
 W. QUINN, the greatest Burlesque Orator of the day.
 W. ALLEN, the celebrated Ethiopian Performer.
 G. GAINOR, the Eccentric Delineator.
 F. HANCOCK, Extremepose and Comic Singer.
 LA THORNE, the greatest Hercules of the age.
 THE ORRIN FAMILY, and
 DON SANTIAGO GIBRONNOISE.

PROF. NICHOLLS and SON,
 In their beautiful and classical gymnastic groupings.
 MISS CLARA HARRINGTON,
 The American Nightingale, in some of the most popular ballads.
 Miss JULIA CHRISTINE, Miss JENNY CHRISTINE,
 Miss KATE HARRISON, Miss KATE HARRISON,
 Miss JULIA HAMILTON, Miss FLORENCE,
 Miss EMILY MARCH, Mlle AUGUSTINE.

And a host of others, too numerous to mention.
 Admission, parquette, 20 cents; gallery, 10 cents.

MONS. LA THORNE, the greatest Hercules of the age.
 F. VAN OLKEN, Musical Director.

VENTRILQUISM MADE EASY.—Just published, a book of 96 pages, explaining how every body may become a Ventriloquist. Sent free of postage, on receipt of one cent in cash or stamps, to
 WYMAN, The Ventriloquist, Philadelphia, Pa.
 29 10

HALL OWNERS OR AGENTS.—The proprietors or owners of Lecture, Concert, or Exhibition Rooms, in any part of the United States and Canada, will find it to their interest to forward by first of December, the name, location, and year of the office, and every other fact of importance respecting their Hall, to
 The Wizard and Ventriloquist, Philadelphia, Pa.
 28 11

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, CLEVELAND, O.—The management of this excellent Hall having recently passed into my hands, I have spared neither pains or expense in thoroughly refitting and refurbishing it, placing it in the front rank of the first class halls in the country. For Concerts or Theatrical Exhibitions, its advantages are unsurpassed in the West. Address, as above, to
 Managing Agent, Box 5201, Cleveland, Ohio.
 29 81

MR. T. ALLISON BROWN, author of the valuable records of the American Stage, now in course of publication in the CLIPPER, is desirous of forming an engagement as agent for a "Star." Mr. Brown is a young man, not more than twenty-nine years of age, and has travelled in various professional capacities throughout the United States. He has consequently acquired that thorough practical knowledge which is essential in the employment of an agent, and this, coupled with the habits of a trustworthy man of business, and a personal acquaintance with managers and actors, fit him eminently for the post he seeks. Any letters intended for Mr. Brown, in reference to his desire, can be forwarded to this office.
 27 41

THE MESSRS. CARRY AND SARA NELSON have been performing at New York, Buffalo, Rochester, Troy, Albany, and Portland, and are now engaged to appear at Philadelphia, Boston and Providence, after which they will again appear at the above named places. Communications should be addressed to 40 Bleeker street, New York city.

CARD.—In answer to frequent letters, Mr. Southern begs to state that his engagement list is full to May next.
 32 41 J. F. FOSTER, Agent for Mr. S.

SECOND SIGHT MYSTERY EXPOSED.—Just published, in a book of 96 pages, "How Robert Heller and others Perform the Second Sight Mystery." Sent free of postage on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps to
 WYMAN, THE VENTRILQUIST,
 Philadelphia, Pa.
 32 61

JOHN C. RIVERS.—We have a letter for you. Where shall we send it?
 31 41

BOOKER & EVARTS'

GREAT
 SOUTHERN MINSTRELS.
 Composed of
 THE ELITE
 Of the
 ETHIOPIAN PROFESSION.
 TEN STAR PERFORMERS,
 WHOSE TALENTS
 AND ABILITIES
 HAVE NEVER
 BEEN EQUALLED
 BY ANY OTHER
 BAND OF
 MINSTRELS IN
 THE WORLD.

This Splendid
 CORPS OF ARTISTES
 Are now Performing to
 CROWDED HOUSES
 Through the
 NEW ENGLAND STATES.
 CHAS. J. WALTER, Agent.

BELLER'S DETROIT CONCERT HALL.

No. 112 and 114 Randolph street.
 Stage Manager..... W. B. CAVANAGH
 Musical Director..... F. SPIEGEL
 The following company are now performing:
 Miss ANNIE LEE, Miss ROSA DUVAL,
 Miss LIZZIE SCHULTZ, Miss M. SCHULTZ,
 Miss ERNESTINE DE FAIBER, Miss SARAH DUVAL,
 Miss MINNIE DE FAIBER, FATHER STEWART,
 W. B. CAVANAGH, CHARLEY KENDALL,
 And the RED MAN OF AGAR.
 Admission..... 15 cents | Orchestra Seats, 10 cents extra.
 33 JACOB BELLER, Agent.

GRAND GYMNASIUM TOURNAMENT!

\$1000 IN PRIZES,
 AT THE
 METROPOLITAN GYMNASIUM, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
 JANUARY 7th, 1881.
 Open to the United States and Canada.
 Circulars containing full information can be obtained by application to
 THOMAS C. CURTIS,
 Metropolitan Gymnasium,
 Box 1055, Chicago, Illinois.

TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS—THE DEAD HEART.—Those eminent artists, Mr. & Mrs. J. W. WALLACE, Jr., are solely authorized to perform the greatly successful play, THE DEAD HEART, except in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, Louisville, and New Orleans. Managers permitting any other party or parties to present this play, (a copy of which has been properly obtained), will be prosecuted according to law.
 33 11 WAYNE OLWINE, Girard House, Philadelphia.

NOTICE TO SHOWMEN.—Any one having a Panorama, Diorama, or an Exhibition of Dissolving Views, that wishes to dispose of the same, may find a ready market at the Metropolitan Theatre, 112 and 114 Randolph street, New York. An assortment of Character Wigs constantly on hand. Minstrel Wigs of every description, at prices to defy competition. 33 21

MRS. W. R. FISH, (from London,) THEATRICAL CHARACTERISTIC WIG MAKER, No. 227 Grand street, between Elizabeth street and Bowery, New York. An assortment of Character Wigs constantly on hand. Minstrel Wigs of every description, at prices to defy competition. 33 21

BANJO AND JIG DANCING taught by J. BOGAN, 142 Forsyth st., rear, at 50 cents per lesson. BOGAN'S celebrated Banjos constantly on hand. 33 11

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, November 26, 1880.

"I have said it!" This exclamation, so brief and so demonstrative, we remember to have heard many years ago in the mouth of a famous actor of that time, on the occasion of his appearance as a stout old colonel in a farce known as "Chaos is Come Again." If we do not err, this same military character was shown as quite a usual phrase might be accepted as denoting. Consequently, his judgment went not beyond the "saying," although his opinion of his own importance, with the opinion of others on whom his blustering manners had an effect, tended to the assurance that he was a Solomon in every respect. Such a man was the Colonel Chaos of the 40th part of a century since, such, too, is the Colonel Chaos we have met a thousand times in later times on the broader stage of human existence, where things are constantly arising, of more or less importance, on which lesser mortals have their say, and upon which also those of the grander stamp represented by the Chaecons, looking unutterable things, and calling upon the entire creation to find them out. The Colonel Chaos, however, has not yet said it! At the moment of our present writing the opportunities for these oracular displays are plentiful. Throughout the wide extent of "Uncle Sam's" domain, there are divers cries of "war, ruin," and "separation." The hint is sufficient for Colonel Chaos, who (poor fellow!) we have just had a talk with on the corner of the street. To do Colonel Chaos justice, he is a first class patriot. He feels the peril of the juncture, and is sure if his counsel should be taken in power is not taken, that the almighty smash of elements denoted by his name, will come about again. Our afflicted friend, the Colonel, has taken about the worst view possible of passing events. Some of our journalists seem to contemplate those events with a terrified vision, but not to the extent the noble Chaos contemplates them. He is in a state of mind to those high in power is not taken, that the almighty smash of elements denoted by his name, will come about again. Our afflicted friend, the Colonel, has taken about the worst view possible of passing events. Some of our journalists seem to contemplate those events with a terrified vision, but not to the extent the noble Chaos contemplates them. He is in a state of mind to those high in power is not taken, that the almighty smash of elements denoted by his name, will come about again. 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THEATRICAL SQUIBBES, &c.

BY T. ALLSTON BROWN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

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"If the theatre were to be shut up, the stage wholly silenced and pressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times more wicked."

ACTORS AND THEIR FORMER OCCUPATIONS.

The following is a list of prominent actors and actresses, with their former occupations:

PARACRICKS.	Mat. Lake, trombone.
Stansbury,	Sam. Walters, piano.
Charles Parsons,	DANCING MASTERS.
Professor Adams,	Francis,
Charles Webb,	C. Durand,
—Cone,	CHARIOT MAKER.
—Smith,	Neafie,
—T. Barnum,	BOOK BINDERS.
—Burgess, comic singer,	James Murdoch,
—John N. Moffit was an actor	Samuel Murdoch,
in Dublin,	Sam. Jones,
Charles Eaton,	FARMERS.
B. Booth was educated for the	W. A. Chapman,
Ministry. His reading of the	J. B. Booth,
Lord's Prayer was the most	SCHOOLMASTER.
thrilling representation ever	Charles Watson,
known to the stage. John C.	TRANSLATORS OF LANGUAGES.
Calhoun was an electrifying	F. Tashiro,
in the extreme.	SHIP BUILDERS.
James Willis was educated for a	Joe Hutton,
Priest, in Baltimore, but as	POETS.
appeared as Maworm just as he	Charlotte M. S. Barnes,
finished his studies.	Charlotte Cushman,
MILK SECRETS.	Fanny Kemble,
Old De Camp,	Geo. Hyatt,
PRINTERS.	M. Field,
Charles Porter,	Joe Field,
William Duffy,	Chas. Eaton,
William Forrest,	J. P. Adams,
John Hamilton,	Sheridan Knowles,
Harry Henkens,	DRUGGISTS.
Thomas Johnson,	John Owens,
George Stone,	Geo. Stone,
James Roberts,	Chas. Watson,
Peter Logan,	Wm. Sprague,
Frederick Hill,	WOOD ENGRAVERS.
Mathew Fields,	A. Lansing,
—Durvage,	Horton,
John Greene,	Geo. Stone,
—Pickering,	CARVED CUTTER.
Alex. Simpson,	Geo. Jamison,
Charles Eaton,	AND DEPUTY TO THE GOVERNOR OF
Sam Jones,	PENNSYLVANIA, WITH RANK OF
William Jones,	LIEUTENANT COLONEL.
George H. Hatt,	David P. Bowers,
John A. Stone,	Geo. Stone,
Harry Quinn,	Dolly Davenport.
Sol. Smith,	MEMBERS OF LEGISLATURE.
Noah Ludin,	Geo. Washington, Alabama.
George Farran,	Nat. Howes, New York.
Tom Wemyss,	DOCTORS.
PARANOMISTS.	J. B. Roberts,
J. Fletcher,	Dr. Valentine,
PETER LOGAN,	Dr. Sprague,
George Jamison,	Dr. Oliver,
Charles Taylor,	Chas. C. Howard.
Wm. E. Barton,	DENTISTS.
Charles Eaton,	Dr. Carr,
Fred. Hill,	Yankee Hill,
Sol. Smith,	Chas. Houp,
P. T. Barnum,	ART.
J. Field,	J. Wayne Olwine,
Col. Wallace,	Jas. Wallace,
Charles Durand,	M. Fairchild,
John Brougham,	Calfield,
Thomas McKee,	G. F. Cooke.
George Hyatt,	LAWYERS.
JOHN FAIRBANKS AND ARTISTS.	Thos. McKee,
—Coudick,	J. W. Olwine,
Joe Jefferson,	John Doiman.
Joe Jefferson, Jr.,	NAVY.
Old Jeff,	—Hamilton,
James Ashner,	Ed. L. Thayer,
John Brougham,	John Darley,
Henry Isherwood,	John Nickerson.
Wm. H. Norton,	DRAMATISTS AND PLAYWRIGHTS.
—Parker,	Silas S. Steele,
Duke White,	Charles Taylor,
Joe Cowell,	S. J. Jones,
—Churchill,	Geary,
Wm. Vache,	John Brougham,
Fred. Schinoff,	Jourcault,
John Kent,	Gus. Penno,
David Eberle,	Charles Saunders,
Geo. W. Ray,	Nickerson,
—MUSICIANS.	Joe Field,
Sol. Smith, violin,	W. E. Burton,
Chas. Burke, violin,	Peter Logan,
Thos. A. Becket, flute,	J. Aug. Stone,
Master Burke, violin,	Baker,
Geo. H. Hill, flute,	F. S. Hill,
Prof. Churchill, violin,	Wm. Barrymore,
John Mestayer, violin,	Pickering,
Lu. Heyl, harp,	Amhurst,
Wm. Gates, trumpet,	J. Howard Payne.

THE DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT BILL.

Supplemental to an act entitled "An act to amend the several acts respecting copyright," approved February 2d, 1881.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled—That any copyright hereafter granted under the laws of the United States to the author or proprietor of any dramatic composition designed or suited for public representation, shall be deemed and taken to confer upon the said author or proprietor, his heirs or assigns, along with the sole right to print or to publish the said composition; the sole right, also, to act, perform, or represent the same, or represented on any stage or public place, during the whole period for which the copyright is obtained; and any manager, actor, or any other person acting, performing, or representing the said composition without or against the consent of the said author, or proprietor, his heirs or assigns, shall be liable for damages, to be sued for and recovered by action on the case, or other equivalent remedy, with costs of suit in any court of the United States."

The first copyright taken out for a play under the new copyright law, was by Thomas H. Elliott, of the *Lady Ledger*, Philadelphia, for a five act comedy, entitled "Law and Fashion."

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION.

In 1848, Messrs. W. M. Fleming, F. C. Wemyss, T. Barry, G. Holland, H. P. Gratton, Chas. Bass, and such persons as "may hereafter be associated with them," were constituted the Association for the purpose of raising a fund, to be devoted to the support of the incapacitated members thereof, defraying funeral expenses, and for the support of the widows and orphans of its members.

Actors, singers, dancers in this country for three years, can apply, provided not under eighteen nor over fifty. All attaches of a theatre are also included.

The admission fee is, for those under 30, \$10; from 30 to 40, \$15; from 40 to 45, \$20; from 45 to 50, \$30. Annual subscriptions for those under 30, \$10; from 30 to 40, \$15; from 40 to 45, \$20; from 45 to 50, \$30. No members have any claims upon the funds until after paying three years' subscription.

In case of sickness, five dollars a week can be claimed for the first fortnight, seven dollars for the third and fourth weeks, ten dollars for every week thereafter until the expiration of six calendar months, after which period five dollars per week during the continuance of the sickness. Pregnancy and childbirth do not confer the right to any allowance.

On the death of a member, \$50 is appropriated for the funeral expenses, and the right of burial in the grounds of the Association is accorded to members, their wives or husbands, and children.

A widow of a member is allowed \$150 per annum, to cease on a second marriage. An orphan may be educated under the direction of the Board of Directors, \$100 per annum being appropriated for the same, until the child reaches the age of fourteen.

On arriving at the age of 30, a member may claim an annuity of \$500, which allowance ceases if he or she appear on the stage save for a benefit of the Association. This, however, does not prevent one from teaching dancing, singing, elocution, writing plays, &c.

In July, 1855, the following constitution was adopted:

Persons under the age of 30 years, \$5; 30 to 40 years, \$7.50; 40 to 50 years, \$10; 50 years and upwards, \$20.

The orphan children of members were amply provided for, and the widows and orphans of members are now entitled to a uniform sum, equal to the highest claim of the old classified schedule. The Society had in treasury at this date \$20,000, with an income of over \$4,000.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP OF THE AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION.

I, _____, born in the city of _____, in the State of _____, and now residing in the city of _____, State of _____, am desirous of becoming a member of the American Dramatic Fund Association, and of subscribing to the same; and I hereby declare, that I shall attain the age of _____ on my next birthday, and that I have been _____ years in regularly established theatres of the United States or elsewhere, and that I am now a resident of _____, in the State of _____, and am at present engaged at the _____, having pursued my professional occupation within the United States as a means of subsistence, and am now, and have been for three years preceding this application, recognized as pursuing such occupation; and am at present exempt from all infirmities which may prevent or in any way incapacitate me from gaining or earning a livelihood by pursuing my professional calling; and I do hereby agree that if any untrue statement be contained in this declaration, all money which shall have been paid by me, or on my account, shall be forfeited. And I do hereby consent

that my interest in said Association, shall be subject to the rules and regulations thereof. Dated at _____ this _____ day of _____ 18__.

WITNESSES

COPY OF A SPANISH PLAY BILL.

To the Sovereign of Heaven,
To the Mother of the World—
To the Polar Star of Spain—
To the faithful Protectress of the Spanish Nation—
To the Honor and Glory of the Most Holy Virgin Mary—
For Her Benediction,
And for the propagation of her worship,
The Company of Comedians,
Will this day give a representation of the Comic Piece, called _____

The celebrated Italian will also dance _____

And the Theatre will be superbly illuminated.

THE ENGLISH LICENSE BILL.

In 1786 a bill was introduced in England by Sir Robert Walpole, to subject the stage to the authority of a license.

Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa" was the first play that came under the act. The following were the prices demanded:—

For a License for every Dramatic Piece of three or more acts.....£2 0s. 0d.
For a License for every Dramatic Piece of one act, or for a Pantomime containing Prose or Poetry.....10 0
For a License for a Song, Address, Prologue or Epilogue.....05 0

The payment of this fee lasted for a century.

In the infancy of the stage in England, the price of admission was as low as two-pence. Afterwards the seats were raised to six-pence, a shilling, and the highest for a long time was only two shillings and six-pence.

AMERICAN THEATRICAL ENGAGEMENTS.

The following is a statement of sums paid to various London performers by the managers of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres, taken from the books of the Treasurers:—

George F. Cook, first engagement.....	\$14,000
Edmund Kean, first engagement.....	10,000
Edmund Kean, second engagement.....	8,100
Charles Matthews.....	7,500
Phillips.....	6,200
Charles Macready.....	5,500
Lydia Kelly.....	4,100
Incledon.....	3,400
James Wallack, Sen.....	3,100

SCENERY.

The presence of scenery in the booths and temporary erections in London, was the first scene of comedy exhibited, and is not to be supposed, and the evidence collected on the subject goes, for the most part, to prove, that the first regular theatres were nearly as destitute of scenic decorations as their beggarly predecessors. The absence of this essential article of theatrical furniture affords a decisive proof of the excessive poverty of the first dramatic establishments; since the account book of the managers of the revues, for 1871, and several subsequent years, clearly points out the use of four varieties of scenery, in almost every play or masque exhibited at Court.—1. Temporary erections on the stage. 2. Painting on canvas, stretched on frames. 3. Mechanical contrivances; and 4. Furniture and properties generally.

The following are extracts from the office books:—

"One hundred and fifty-five of canvas, for the houses and properties made for the players."

"A painted cloth and two frames."

"William Lyzard, for size, collars, pots, nails, and pensils, used and occupied upon the painting of seven cities, one village, one country house, one battlement, &c."

"One citis and one battlement of canvas."

"William Lyzard, for painting by great, CXX, yards of canvas."

Six plays, furnished, perfected, and garnished, necessarily, and answerable to the matter, person, and part to be played; having apt howeever made of canvas, framed, fashioned and painted accordingly, as might best serve their several purposes."

In fact, all sorts of machinery were put in requisition for the "garishness" of those representations which took place in the royal presence; castles, battlements, houses, arbours, prisons, altars, tombs, rocks and caves, devices of hell and hell-mouth; and on one occasion a church is specified, which appears from another item, to have contained a light. Trees, holly-horses, lions, dragons, and fish, also frequently recur in the accounts. With respect to machinery, the sum expended in a cloud, "frames of yse, hayle-stones, and snow balls," delicately composed of "sugar plate, muskumfets, corallanders prepared, clove cumfets, synnammum cumfets, &c." "Thunder and lightning," "a chair out of 14 foot long and 8 foot broad, with a rock upon it, and a fountain therein for Apollo and the Nine Muses," are striking instances of the complicated nature of many of the contrivances made use of at Court.

On the public stage, however, at the above period, a simple hanging of arras or tapestry was all that appeared in the way of ornament, and this, as it became decayed or torn, was clumsily repaired by the display of pictures over the fractured places. A plain curtain, suspended in a corner, separated the most distant regions; and a board inscribed with the name of the country or place, indicated the scene of action, the change of which was marked by the removal of one board for the substitution of another. A table, with a pen and ink, thrust in, signified that the stage was a counting house; if there were with drawer, and two stools put in their places it became a tavern. Where the theatres were entirely destitute of scenery, the protruded back indicated that the empty space was to be considered as a city, a wood, or any other place, and when scenes were first introduced, the board was not immediately discontinued, but was used to denote, that the painting exhibited represented such a particular city, house or wood.

It was long before the theatres became rich enough to afford a change of scenery for every change of place throughout a play, so that it was frequently the lot of one painting to represent the most popular of several different countries. Temporary erections for the purposes of the scene were, however, not uncommon, the tomb in the last act of Romeo and Juliet, and in the early historical plays, the frequent recurrence of the walls of towns, attacks upon the gates, the appearance of the citizens and others on the battlements, &c., rendered some representations of these places indispensable. A very rude contrivance in front of the balcony would, however, generally be sufficient for the purpose. Very complicated machinery was also necessary in the representation of many of the old dramas. In proof of this, we need only refer to two or three stage directions, in Shakespeare. In the Tempest, "Aerial enters like a harpy, claps his wings on the table, and, with quaint device, banquet vanishes." In Cymbeline, "Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle. The cauldron sinks and apparitions rise, at the bidding of the Witches in Macbeth," &c., &c.

THE LIFE OF AN ACTOR.

BY IRON CROQUET.

"His daily labor commenced at ten, when he hurried to rehearsal. This process is no child's play, as many think it, but a severe and serious exercise, trying to the temper and mind. At two he is released, most frequently too late for dinner, for the actor is the only laborer who will sacrifice his appetite to his duty. While he eats what he can get, he studies his part, and is immersed in it until six. At that hour he turns to the theatre, where, without intermission of a moment, he is employed until midnight. Wearily and lashed he travels home, to sleep? No—to sit up poring over the morrow's performance, for usually he plays two or three parts nightly. His wife sits by his side, learning also her parts, while she makes her costumes, for the male wardrobe only is furnished by the theatre, and with scant device, morning and night, he drops off to sleep by his children. God help them! What have they done during this long, weary day of labor to call down the contempt of mankind, the anathemas of the church, and your gall? God help this poor family!—and he does help them; for there is an angel that stands beside their couch, who with her white wings wards off the blighting blast of worldly wrong; and the breath of that angel brings a perpetual smile on their lips and a warmth in their hearts. Extravagant in their charity, they beggar themselves without a thought, to relieve a suffering brother, and they cling with the fondness of despair to their children and parents."

THEATRE.

White Lion, Ambleside.

On Wednesday evening, September 18.

Will be presented the much admired new comedy of

THE POOR GENTLEMAN,

OR THE LOVE OF ARGUMENT.

Lieut. Worthington,	Mr. Wells.
Humphrey Dobbin,	Mr. Wells.
Sir Robert Bramble,	Mr. Wells.
Clodpole,	Mr. Wells.
Jeremy,	Mr. Wells.
Damaris,	Mr. Wells.
Stephen Harroby,	Mr. Johnston.
Sir Charles Cropland,	Mr. Johnston.
Frederick Bramble,	Mr. Johnston.
Miss Lucetta Mac Tab,	Mr. Johnston.
Miss Emily Worthington,	Mrs. Deans.

After the play the following songs, &c.

My Mary's true, by Mr. Deans.

Knowing Joe among the show-folks, by Mr. Johnston.

Comic songs, by Mr. Wells.

Hipsley's drunken man, by Mr. Johnston.

To conclude with the laughable farce of

BARBARA BRITTE,

OR A WIFE AT SEA, &c., &c.

Barnaby Brittle,	Mr. Deans.
Sir Peter Pride,	Mr. Wells.
Clodpole,	Mr. Wells.
Lovemore,	Mr. Johnston.
Jeremy,	Mr. Johnston.
Mrs. Brittle,	Mrs. Deans.
Damaris,	Mrs. Deans.

Tickets of admission to be had at the principal inns. Front seat, 1s; back, 6d.; to begin at 8 o'clock.

The celebrated Lord Peterborough, the friend of Swift and Pope, was the first person among the titled rank of society who chose a wife from the stage. He married Anastasia Robinson, a celebrated actress of the day, in 1725.

Four years afterwards Lady Henrietta Horbert, daughter of the first Earl of Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Horbert, bestowed her hand upon James Beard, the performer.

SCRAPS OF INFORMATION.

MAN WITHOUT HANDS.—The following interesting account is extracted from a letter sent to the celebrated Wesley by a person named Walton, dated Bristol (Eng.), Oct. 14th, 1788:—"I went with a friend to visit this man, who highly entertained us at breakfast, by putting his half naked foot upon the table as he sat, and carrying his legs and feet between his great and second toe to his mouth, with as much facility as if his foot had been a hand, and his toes fingers. I put half a sheet of paper on the floor, with a pen and ink horn; he threw off his shoes as he sat, took the ink horn in the toes of his left foot, and held the pen in those of his right. He then wrote three lines, as well as most ordinary writers, and as swiftly. He writes out all his own bills and other accounts, and he showed how he shaves himself with a razor in his toes, and how he combs his hair. He can dress and undress himself, except unbuttoning his clothes. He feels himself, and can bring both his meat and broth to his mouth, by holding the fork or spoon in his toes. He cleans his own shoes; can clean the knives, light the fire, and can almost every other domestic business. He is a farmer by occupation; he can milk his own cows with his toes, and cut his own hay, bind up in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. Last winter he had eight helpers constantly to fodder. The last summer he made all his own hay-ricks. He can do all the business of the hay field (except mowing) as fast and as well with only his feet, as others can with rakes and forks. He goes to the field and catches his horse; he saddles and bridges him with his feet and toes. If he has a sheep among his flock that is anything, he can separate it from the rest, drive it into a corner, and catch it when nobody else can. He then examines it, and applies a remedy to it. He is so strong in his teeth, that he can lift ten pecks of beans with them. He can throw a great sledge hammer as far with his feet as other men can with their hands. In a word, he can do nearly as much without as others can do with their arms. He began the world with a hen and a chicken; with the profit of these he purchased an ewe; the sale of these procured him a "ragged colt" (as he expressed it) and then a better; after this he raised a few sheep, and now occupies a small farm.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.—The muscular strength of the human body is wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a rapid pace, and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. A mile, a celebrated athlete of Crotona, in Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he had carried on his shoulder an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and afterwards killed him with a blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time, but at the Olympic he was defeated by a man named Crotona, who was a disciple of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength that preceptor and his pupils owed their lives. The pillar which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by its roots and break it. He partially succeeded, but at the attempt he fell, and he was known to the world where the cleft was, round and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone, and unable to disengage himself, died in that position. Haller mentions that he saw a man, whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine; by keeping it forcibly bent, he supported, by that means the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet. Augustus II., King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe under. A lion is said to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity, through a dense medium, water, that would carry him round the world in less than a fortnight. A sword fish has been known to strike his weapon through the stern of a ship; a specimen of such a plank, with the sword of a fish sticking in it, may be seen in the British Museum.

RUSSIAN CANNON.—In 1432, several kinds of artillery are mentioned; cannons, bombards, vulgaires, coulevins. The vulgaires were ordinary artillery. In the year 1430, James the Second, of Scotland, was killed by the accidental bursting of a cannon. The artillery of the Turks, in the year 1453, surpassed whatever yet had appeared in the world. A stupendous piece of cannon was cast at Constantinople, and was twelve palms, and the stone bullet weighed about 600 lbs. It was brought with great difficulty before Constantinople, and was flanked by two others, almost of equal magnitude. Fourteen batteries were brought to bear against the place, mounting 130 guns. The great cannon could not be loaded and fired more than seven times in a day. Mines were adopted by the Turks, and countermines by the Christians. At the siege, which lasted for four months, and modern artillery were both used. Cannons, intermingled with machines for casting stones and darts, with the battering ram, were directed against the walls. The fate of Constantinople could no longer be averred: the diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack; the fortifications were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon; a species of discord impaired the Christian strength. After a siege of fifty three days, Constantinople, which had defied the powers of Chocroes, the Chagan, and the Caliphs, was subdued by the arms of Mahomet the Second.

RARE DES VACHES.—This, which is commonly supposed to be a simple air, stands in Switzerland for a class of melodies, the literal meaning of which is cow crows. The German word is *Karshen*,—vows of cows. It derives its origin from the manner in which the cows walk along the Alpine paths at milking time. The shepherd goes before, keeping every straggler in his place by the tone of his horn, while the whole herd wanders along in Indian file, obedient to the call. From its associations, it always creates homesickness in a Swiss mountaineer, when he hears it in a foreign land. It is said these melodies are prohibited in the Swiss regiments attached to the French army, because they produce so many desertions. The Swiss retain, however, the fondness for this music, and there is annually a good rifle match at some of the large towns, made up of the best marksmen in all Switzerland. There are also yearly contests in wrestling, called *Zwing Prete*, the most distinguished men at which are from Unterwalden, Appenzel, and Berne.

YEARLY FOOD OF ONE MAN.—From the army and navy diet scales of France and England, based upon the recognised necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and one-fourth pounds of food, per day, are required for each individual; of this, about three-fourths are vegetable, and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year, the amount is upwards of eight hundred pounds. Enumerating under the title of water all the various drinks, its estimated quantity is about fifteen hundred pounds per annum. The air received by breathing may be taken at eight hundred pounds. With these figures before us, we are able to see how the food, the water, the food, water and air which a man receives, amount, in the aggregate, to more than three thousand pounds a year—about a ton and a half, or twenty times his weight. This enormous quantity shows the expenditure of material required for life. A living being is the result of change on a great scale.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF VIBRATION UPON THE SKIN.—By the use of vine, the Spaniards, and the wonderful dilatibility of the skin, an instance equals the Spaniards who showed himself to Van Hoon, Silvius Pino, and other learned men of Amsterdam. Taking up with his left hand the skin of his right shoulder, he would bring the same up to his mouth; he would then draw the skin of his chin down to his breast, and, holding both his eyes there; after which the same would return orderly and quietly to its proper place.

TOWER OF THE THUNDERING WINDS.—The Great Wall is certainly a wonderful monument of ancient times; but it is almost the only one we read of in China, except a famous temple, or tower, partly in ruins, which stands on an eminence in the neighborhood of Hangchow-Foo. It is called the Tower of the Thundering Winds, and is supposed to have been built about 2,500 years ago.

A LIVE YANKEE.—Edward Abbott, in his new book, "King of the Mountain," gives the following very graphic description of an American, named John Harris, whom he met in Greece: "The first time I saw this strange fellow I comprehended America. John was born at Vandalia, Illinois. He inhabited at his birth that air of the head like champagne wine, and one gets indicated in breath, it. I know not whether the Harris family are rich or poor; whether they sent their son to college or left him to get his own education. It is certain that at twenty-seven years he depends only on himself, is untouched at nothing, thinks nothing impossible, nothing too difficult, believes all things, hopes all things, tries all things, triumphs in all things, and rises up again if he falls, never stops, never loses courage, and goes right ahead whistling his tune. He has been a farmer, a schoolmaster, a lawyer, a journalist, a gold hunter, a manufacturer, a merchant; he has read everything, seen everything, practiced everything, and travelled over more than half the globe. When I made his acquaintance he was commanding a steam yacht in the Pyrenees, with sixty men and four guns; he was discussing the Oriental question in the 'North American Review,' he was doing business with an Indian house in Calcutta, and he found leisure to come two or three times a week to dine with me."

A PRESIDENTIAL WHEEL.—Pending the recent Presidential election, an employee of the Boston and Maine Railroad, named McCafferty, agreed, in the event of the popular choice falling on Lincoln, to wheel a fellow workman, named Knights, from Melrose to Boston; Knights, on the other hand, agreeing, should Douglas be the man to wheel McCafferty from Lawrence to Boston. The loser, of course, is McCafferty, who was to wheel Knights on the evening of the 22d ult. We understand that Knights weighs 165 pounds—so his fellow operative most likely had his hands full.

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